

THE
Second, and Third Advice
TO A
PAINTER,
For Drawing the
HISTORY
Of our
NAVAL Actions;
The Two last Years, 1665. And 1666.
In Answer to Mr. WALLER.

*Pictoribus atque Poetis,
Quidlibet Audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.*

*Humano Capiti cervicem pictor equinam;
Jungere si velis*—

Horat. de Arte Poet.

A. Breda, 1667.

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T H E

Second Advice

T O A

P A I N T E R,

F O R

Drawing the History of our N A V A L L Business;

In Answer to Mr. WALLER.

215128

Nay Painter, if thou dar'st design that Fight,
Which Waller only Courage had to Write;
If thy bold hand, can without shaking Draw,
What even the Actors trembled when they saw;
Enough to make thy Colours change like *their's*,
And all thy Pencills bristle, like *their Haires*,

First in fit distance of the prospect Vaine,
Paint Allen Tilting at the Coast of *Spain*;
Heroick Act, and never heard till now,
Steming of *Heracles* Pillers with his Prow,
And how two Ships he left, the Hills to waite,
And with new Sea-marks, *Dover* and *Calice* graze;
Next let the flaming *London* come in view,
Like *Nero's Rome*, burnt to Rebuild it new:

What lesser Sacrifice then this was meet,
 To offer for the safety of the Fleet?
 Blow one Ship up, another thence doth grow;
 See what free Cities; and wise Courts can do.
 So some old Merchant to ensure his Name,
 Marries a fresh, and Courtiers share the Dame:
 So what so'e're is broke, the Servants pay't,
 And Glasses are more durable then Plate.
 No *Mayor* till now, so rich a *Pageant* fain'd;
 Nor one *Burge* all the *Companies* contain'd.
 Then *Painter* draw *Carulean* *Coventry*,
 Keeper, or rather Chancelor of the Sea;
 Of whom the Captain buys his leave to dye,
 And Barter's it for Wounds, or Infamy:
 And more exactly to expresse his hue,
 Use nothing but *ultra marinish* blue;
 To pay his Fees the *Silver Trumpet* spend,
 And *Boatswains* whistles; For his Place depends,
Pilots in vain repeat the Compass o're,
 Untill of him, they learn that one Point more;
 The constant Magnet to the Pole doth hold,
 Steel to the Magnet, *Coventry* to Gold:
Mascevy sells us Hemp, and Pitch and Tar?
 Iron and Copper *Sweden*; *Munster* War;
Ashley Prizes, *Warwick* Customs, *Cartree* Pay?
 But *Coventry* doth sell his Fleet away.
 Now let our Navy stretch its Canvas wings,
 Swoln like his purse, with tackling like its strings,
 By slow degrees of the encreasing Gale,
 First under Sale, and after under Sail:

Then in kind visit unto *Updams Gout*,
 Hedge the *Dutch* in, only to let them out :
 So *Huntsmen* fair, unto the *Hares* give law,
 First find them, and then civilly withdraw,
 That the blind *Archer*, when they take the *Seas*,
 The *Hamborough Convey* may betray at ease.
 So that the *Fish* may more securely bite,
 The *Fisher* baits the *River* over night.
 But *Painter* now prepare t'enrich thy Piece,
 Pencills of *Ermins*, Oyl of *Ambergreece* :
 See where the *Dutches* with triumphant tayl
 Of numerous *Coaches*, *Harwich* doth assayl ;
 So the *Land-Crabs*, at *Natures* kindly call
 Down to engender, at the *Sea* do crawl ;
 See then the *Admiral* with *Navy* whole,
 To *Harwich* through the *Ocean Caraloe* :
 So *Swallows* buried in the *Sea*, at *Spring*,
 Return to *Land*, with *Summer* in their wing.
 One thrifty *Ferry-boat* of *Mother-Pearl*
 Suffic'd of old, the *Cithærian Girl* :
 Yet *Navies* are but propperties, when here
 A small *Sea-mask*, built to court you *Dear*,
 Three *Goddesses* in one, *Pallas* for *Art*,
Venus for *Sport*, and *Juno* in your heart.
 Oh *Dutches* ! if thy *Nuptial Pomp* were mean,
 It's paid with intrest, in this *Naval Sceane* :
 Never did *Roman Mark* within the *Nyls*,
 So feast the fair *Egyptian Crocodile* ;
 Nor the *Venetian Duke* with such a *State*,
 The *Adriatique Marry* at that *Rate*,

Now *Painter* spare thy weaker Art, forbear
 To draw her parting passions, and each tear,
 For love alas, hath but a short delight,
 The Winds, the *Dutch*, the *King*, all calls to fight ;
She therefore the *Dukes* person recommends
 To *Brunker*, *Pen* and *Coventry*, as friends ;
Pen, much more to *Brunker*, most to *Coventry*.
 For they (*she* knew) were more^r afraid then *bee*.
 Of flying Fishes, one had sav'd the Finn, (*spin* :
 And hop'd with that, he through the Aire might
 The other thought he might avoid his Knell,
 In the Invention of the Diving Bell :
 The third had tri'd it, and affirm'd, a Cable
 Coil'd round about men, was Impenetrable :
 But these the *Duke* rejected ; only chose
 To keep far off, and others Interpose.
Rupert that knew not fear, but health did want,
 Kept state suspended in his Chair volant,
 All save his head shut in the wooden Case,
 He shew'd but like a broken weather-Glasse ;
 But arm'd in a whole *Lyon Cap-a-chin*,
 Did represent a *Hercules* within ;
 Dear, shall the *Dutch* his twinging Anguish know,
 And feel what Valour (whet with pain) can do :
 Curs'd in the mean time be that traitrous *Tael*,
 That through his Princely temples drove the nail.
Rupert resolv'd to fight it like a *Lyon*,
 But *Sandwich* hop'd to fight it like *Aryon* :
 He to prolong his life in the dispute,
 (And Charm the *Holland Pyrats*) ran'd his Lute,
 Till

Till some judicious Dolphin might approach,
 And land him safe and sound as any Roach;
 Hence by the *Gazetteir* he was mistooke,
 As unconcern'd, as if at *Hinchinbrooke*.
 Now *Painter* reassume thy Pencills care,
 It has but Skirmisht yet, Now Fight prepare
 And Battle draw, more terrible to show,
 Then the last judgement was of *Angelo*:
 First let our Navy scour through silver froth,
 The Oceans burthen, and the Kingdoms both;
 Whose every bulk doth represent it's birth
 From *Hide*, and *Paston*, burthens of the earth!
Hide, whose transcendent Paunch so swells of late,
 That he the Rupture seems of Law and State.
Paston, whose belly devours more Millions
 Then *Indian* Carracks, and contains more Tuns.
 Let sholes of Porpoises on every side
 Wonder in swimming, by the Oakes out-side
 And the Sea-fowls (at gaze) behold a thing
 So vast, more strong and swift then they of wing;
 Both which presaging gorge, yet keep in fight,
 And follow for the Reliques of the Fight.
 Then let the *Dutch* with well disembling fear,
 Or bold dispair, more then we wish, draw near;
 At which our Gallants, to the Sea but tender,
 And more to fight, Their squezy stomachs render,
 With breasts so panting, that at every stroake
 You might have felt their hearts beat through the
 Whilst one concern'd most in the interval (Oke,
 Of straining Gholler, thus did cast his Gall;

Near

Noah be damb'd, and all his Race accurst,
 Who in Sea-brine did pickle Timber first;
 Who, though he planted Vines, he Pines cut down
 He taught us how to drink, and how to drown:
 He first built Ships, and in the Wooden-Wall,
 Saving but Eight, e're since endangers All.
 And thou *Dutch* Negromantick Frier, Damn'd,
 And in thine own first Morter-piece be ram'd,
 Who first inventest Cannon in thy Cell,
Nitre from Earth, and *Brimstone* fetcht from Hell.
 But Damn'd, and treble Damn'd be *Clarendine*,
 (Our Seventh *Edward*) with his House and Line;
 Who, to devert the danger of the War
 With *Bristol*, hounds us on the *Hallander*:
 His coated Gown-men, tells to fight with *Hans*
Dunkirk, Dismantles *Scotland*, quarrels *France*;
 And hopes he now hath business shap'd, & power
 T'out last his life, or ours, and scape the *Tower*,
 And that he yet may see, e're he went down,
 His dear *Clarinda* circled in a Crown.
 By this time both the Fleets in reach, dispute,
 And each the other mortally Salute:
 Draw pensive *Neptune* biting of his thumbs,
 To think himself a Slave, who e're o're comes;
 And frighted *Nymphs* retreating to the Rocks,
 Beating their blue breasts, tearing their green locks
 Paint *Eechoes* slain, on'y the alternate sound
 From the repeating Cannon doth rebound;
Opdam sails up, mounted on his Naval throne,
 Assuming Courage greater then his own:

Makes to the *Duke*, and threatens him from far,
 To nail himself to's Board like a *Petrar* :
 But in this vain attempt, takes fire too soon;
 And flies up in his Ship to catch the Moon :
Mounfiers, like Rockets, mount aloft and crack
 In thousand sparks, then prancingly fall back ;
 Yet e're this hapned, Destiny allow'd
 Him his Revenge, to make his Death more proud
 A fatal Bullet from his side did range
 And battered *Lawson*, Ah ! too dear exchange :
 He led our Fleet (that day) too short a space ;
 But lost his Knee, died since in honours Race :
Lawson, whose Valour beyond Fate doth go,
 Doth still fight *Opdam* in the shades below.
 The *Duke* himself, though *Pen* did not forget,
 Yet was not out of Dangers random set.
Falmouth was there, I know not what to act,
 Unless it was to grow Duke by Contract ;
 An un-taught Bullet in its wanton scope,
 Quashes him all to pieces and his hope :
 Such as his Rise, such was his Fall, unpraie'd,
 A chance-shot soon'r took, then chance him val'd
 His shatter'd head the fearless *Duke* disdain'd,
 Which gave the last, first proof that he had brains.
Berkley had heard it soon, and thought not good
 To venter more of Royal *Hardings* blood ;
 To be immortal, he was not of Age,
 And did even now the *Indian* prize presage ;
 But judg'd it safe and decent (cost what cost)
 To loose the Day, since his dear Brother's lost.

With his whole Squadron straight away he bore,
 And like good Boy, promis'd to fight no more.
 The Dutch *Aurania* careless at Us sail'd,
 And promised to do, what *Opdam* fail'd ;
Smith (to the Duke) doth intercept her way ;
 And cleaves there, closer then the *Re-mo-ra* :
 The Captain wonder'd, and withall disdain'd,
 So strongly, by a thing so small, to be detain'd ;
 And in a raging bravery to him runs,
 They stab'd their Ships with one anothers Guns ;
 They fight so neer, it seems to be on ground,
 And even Bullets meeting Bullets wound ;
 The noise, the smoak, the sweat, the fire, the blood,
 Is not to be exprest, nor understood ;
 Each Captain from the quarter Deck Commands,
 They wave their bright Swords glittering in their
 All luxury of war, all Man can do (hands ;
 In a Sea-fight, did pass between them two :
 But one must conquer, who so e're does Fight ;
Smith took the *Gyants*, and is since made Knight.
Marlborrow, who knew, & dar'd no more then All,
 Falls undistinguish'd by an Iron-Ball ;
 Dear *Lord*, but born under a Star ungrate,
 No soul so clear, nor none more gloomy fate :
 Who would set up Wars trade, that means to thrive,
 Death picks the Valliant out, Cowards survive :
 What the brave merriit, the Impudent do vaunt,
 And none's rewarded, but the Sicophant :
 Hence all his life-time, he 'gainst Fortune fenc'd,
 Or not well known, or not well recompenc'd ;

But envy, not this praise to's Memory,
 None more prepar'd, and none less fit to dye:
Rupert did others, and himself excell:
Holmes, Tiddiman, Minns; bravely *Sanfon* fell,
 What Others did, let none omitted, blame;
 I shall record, who e're brings in his name;
 But unless after stories disagree,
 Nine only came to fight, the rest to see.
 Now all conspire unto the *Dutchmens* loss,
 The wind, the fire, Wee, They themselves do cross,
 When a sweet sleep the *Duke* began to drowne,
 And with soft Diadems his Temples crown;
 But first he orders all besides himself to watch,
 That they the Foe (whilst he a Nap) shu'd catch:
 But *Brunker* by a secreter instinct
 Slept not, nor needs hee, he all day had wink'd;
 The *Duke* in Bed; he then first draws his Steel,
 Whose Vertue makes the misled Compass reel:
 So er'e he wakes, both Fleets are innocent,
 And *Brunker* Member is of Parliament.
 And now dear *Painter*, after pains like those,
 'Twere time that thou and I too should repose:
 But all our Navy scape so sound of Limb,
 That a small space serv'd to Refresh its Trim:
 And a tame Fleet of theirs do Convoy want,
 Laden with both the *Indies* and *Levant*:
 Paint but this one Scene more, the worlds our own
 The *Halcion Sandwich* doth Command alone;
 To *Bergen* now with better Maw we hast,
 And the sweet spoiles in hope already taste:

Though

Though *Clifford* in the Character appears,
 Of *Super Cargo* to our Fleet, and *Theirs*.
 Wearing a *Signet* ready to clap on,
 And ceaze on all for's Master *Arlington*.
Ruiter, whose little Squadron skimes the Sea,
 And wasteth our remotest Colonies,
 With Ships all foul, return upon our way.
Sandwich would not disperse, nor yet delay ;
 And therefore like Commander *Grave* and *Wise*,
 To escape his sight and fight, shuts both his eyes:
 And for more state and sureness, Curtins drew,
 He the left eye closes, the right *Mountague*.
 And even *Clifford* proffer'd in his Zeal,
 To make all sure, to apply to both his Seal.
Ulysses so till he the *Gyrens* past,
 Would by his Mates be Pinnioned to the Mast.
 Now can our Navy view the wish'd for Port,
 But there (to see the fortune) was a Fort.
Sandwich would not be beaten, nor yet beat,
 Fools only fight, the Prudent use to Treat.
 His Conzen *Mountague* by Court disaster,
 Dwingled into a wooden *Horses Master*.
 To speak of Peace, seem'd unto all most proper,
 Had *Talbot* there treated of nought but Copper :
 What are Forts when void of Ammunition, (on
 With friend or foe? what would we more conditi-
 Yet we three days (till the *Dutch* furnish'd all,
 Men, Money, Cannon, Powder) treat with Wall,
 Then *Tiddy* finding that the *Dane* would not,
 Sends in six Captains bravely to be shot :

And

And *Mountague*, though drest like any Bride,
 Though Aboard him too, was reacht and died.
 Sad was this chance, and yet a deeper care,
 Wrinkled our *Membrains* under forehead fair :
 The *Dutch Armado* yet had impudence,
 To put to Sea, to waite their Merchants thence ;
 For as if all their Ships of Walnuts were,
 The more we beat them, still the more they bear.
 But a good Pilot, and a favouring wind,
 Brings *Sandwich* back, and once again doth blind.
 Now gentle *Painter*, e're we leap on shore,
 With thy last strokes ruffle a Tempest o're ;
 As if in our approach the Winds and Seas,
 Would undertake the *Dutch*, whilst we take ease :
 The Seas their spoils within our Hatches throw,
 The Wind both Fleets into our mouths did blow,
 Strew'd all their Ships along the Coast by ours,
 As easie to be gathered up as Flowers.
 But *Sandwich* fears for Marchants to mistake
 A man of War, amongst these Flowers a Snake,
 Two *Indian* Ships, pregnant with *Eastern Pearls*,
 And *Diamonds*, sates the *Officers* and *Earles* ;
 Then warning of our Fleet, he it divides
 Into the Ports, and he to *Oxford* rides :
 Whilst the *Dutch* re-uniting to our shames,
 Ride all insulting o're the *Downs* and *Thames* :
 Now treating *Sandwich* seems the fittest choice
 For *Spain*, there to condole and to rejoyce :
 He meets the *French*, but to avoid all harms,
 Slips into *Groine*, *Embassies* bears no Arms.

There let him languish a long *Quarrentine*,
 And ne're to *England* come, till he be clean.
 Henceforth (O *Gemini*) two Dukes Command,
Caster and *Pollux*, *Aumerle*, *Cumberland* :
 Since in one Ship ; It had been fit they went
 To *Pettyes* double-keel'd Experiment.

To the King.

IMperial Prince ! King of the Seas, and Isles,
 Dear Object of our Joyes, and Heavens smiles,
 What boots it, that thy Light doth guild our dayes
 And we lye basking in thy milder Rayes ;
 Whilst swarms of Insects, from thy warmth begun,
 Our Land devour, and Intercept thy Sun :
 Thou, like *Joves Minos*, Rul'st a greater *Creet*,
 And for its hundred Cities, counts thy *Fleet* :
 Why wilt thou that State *Dadalus* allow,
 Who builds thee but a Labyrinth, and a Cow :
 If thou a *Minos*, be a Judge severe,
 And in's own Maze confine the Engineer.
 Or if our Sun, since he so neer presumes,
 Melt the soft wax, with which he imps his Plumes ;
 Then let him falling, leave his hated Name,
 Unto those Seas, his Wars have set on flame ;
 From that Enchanter, having clear'd thine eyes,
 Thy Native light will pierce within the Skies,
 And

And view those Kingdoms full of Joy and Light ;
 Wher's Unevarfal Triumph; but no fight :
 Since both from heaven thy care & power descend
 Rule by its Pattern, there to reascend ;
 Let Justice only Draw, and Battel cease ;
 Kings are in War but Cards. they'r Gods in peace,
 Thus having Fought, we know not why, nor yet
 W'ave done we know not what, or what we get ;
 If to Espouse the Ocean, all these pains,
 Princes Unite, and will forbid the Banes :
 If to discharge *Phanaticks*, this makes more,
 For all *Phanaticks* turn, when sick or poore :
 Or if the *House of Commons*, to repay
 Their *Prize Commissions* are transfer'd away.
 If for Triumphant Check, Stones, or a Shell
 For Dutches Closet, 'tas succeeded well.
 If to make *Parliaments* all odious pass,
 If to reserve a standing Force, alas :
 Or if (as just *Orange*) to reinstate,
 Instead of that, he is Regenerate.
 And with four Millions vainly given or spent,
 And with five Millions more of detriment ;
 Our Sum amounts, yet only to have won,
 A Bastard *Orange* for Pimp *Arlington*.
 Now may *Historians*, argue *Con* and *Pro*,
Denham saies thus, though *Waller* alwaies so ;
 But he good man, in his long Sheet and Staff,
 This Pennance did for *Cromwel's* Epitaph ;
 And his next Theme must be the Dukes Mistrisfe,
 Advice to Draw Madam L's *Edificatresse*.

THE HISTORY OF THE



THE

Third Advice

TO A

P A I N T E R,

On our last Summers Success
with *French and Dutch*, 1666.

Written by the same hand as the former was.

S *Andwich* in Spain now, and the *Duke* in Love,
 Let's with new *Generals*, a new *Painter* prove
Lillie's a *Dutchman* dangerous in his Art,
 His *Pencils* may intelligence impart.
 Thou *Gibson* who among the *Navy* small,
 Of *Marshal'd Shells*, *Commandt Admiral*;
 Thy self so slender, that thou shew'st no more
 Than *Barnie's* new hatcht of them before:
 Come mix thy water Colours, and express,
 Drawing in Little, what we do in Less:
 First paint me *George* and *Rupert*, rattling far,
 Within one Box, like the two Dice of War;

B

And

And let the Terror of their linked Names,
 Fly through the Air, like Chain-shot, tearing Flame
 Jove in one Cloud did scarcely wrap
 Lightning so fierce, but never such a clap:
 Unighted *Generals*, sure the only spell;
 Wherewith *United-Provinces* to quell:
 Alas, even they (though shell'd in trebble Oak)
 Will prove an Adle-Egg, with double Yoalk:
 And therefore next uncouple either Hound,
 And Low them at two Hares, e're one be found;
Rupert to *Beaufort*, Hollow-Ay there *Rupert*;
 Like the fantastick Hunting of St- *Hubert*,
 When he with Earthy Hound, & Horn of Aire,
 Pursues through *Founteblean* the witchy Hare:
 Deep providence of State! that could so soon
 Fight *Beaufort* here, e're he had quit *Thoulon*:
 So have I seen e're humane quarrels rise,
 Forebodeing Meteors combat in the Skies;
 But let the Prince to fight with rumours go,
 The General meets a more substantial Foe;
Ruiter he spies, and full of youthful heat,
 (Though half their number) thinks has odds to great
 The Fowler watches so the watry spot
 And more the Fowl, hopes for the berter shot;
 Though such a Limb were from his Navy torn,
 He felt no weakness, yet like *Sampson* shorn,
 But swoln with sence of former Glory won,
 Thought *Monck* must be by *Albemarle* out-done;
 Little he knew, with the same Arm and Sword,
 How far the Gentleman out-cuts the Lord
Ruiter

Ruyter inferiour unto none for Heart,
 Supertor now in Number and in Art ;
 Askt if he thought, as once our Rebel Nation,
 To conquer them too by a Declaration ;
 And threatens, though now he so proudly sayl,
 He shall tread back his *Iter Boreale* :
 This said, he the short period e're it ends,
 With Iron words from Brazen mouths extends ;
Monck yet prevents him, e're the *Navies* meet,
 And Charges in himself alone, a Fleet,
 And with so quick and frequent motion wound,
 His murd'ring sides about the Ship seem'd round,
 And the exchange of his incircling Tyre,
 Like flaming Hoops show'd like Triumphant fire ;
 Single he does at their whole Navy aim,
 And shoots them through a porcupine of Flame :
 He plays with Danger, and his Bullets trouls,
 As 'twere at *Tron-Madam* through all the holds ;
 In noise so regular his Cannons met,
 You'd think 'twas Thunder, unto Musick set ;
 Ah, had the rest but kept a time as true,
 What Age could such a martial Consort shew
 The listning Air unto the distant shore,
 Through secret Pipes conveys the tuned Roar,
 Till as the Ecchoe vanishing abate,
 Men feel a deaf sound, like the Pulse of Fate :
 If Fate expire, let *Monck* her place supply,
 His Guns determine who shall live or die ;
 But Victory does alwayes hate a Rant,
 Valours her Brave, but Conducts her Gallant.

Reiter no less with vertuous envy burns,
 And Prodigies for Miracles returns,
 Yet he observ'd how still the Iron-Balls
 Brus'd in vain against our Oaken walls;
 And the hard Pellets fell away as dead,
 Which our enchanted Timber filllipped:
 Leave then (said he) th' invulnerable Keel,
 We'll find them feeble lik *Achilles* heel:
 He quickly taught, and pours in continnal Clouds
 Of chain'd Dilemmaes, through our sinewy throwds
 Forrests of Masts fall with their rude Embrace,
 Our stiff Sails, Mast and netted into Lace,
 Till our whole Navy lay their wanton mark,
 And no Ship now could sayl; but as the Ark.
 Shot in the wing, so at the Powders call,
 The disappointed Bird does fluttering fall;
 Yet *Monck* disabled, still such Courage shows,
 As none into his mortal gripes durst close:
 So an old Bustard maim'd, yet loath to yield,
 Duels the Fowler, in *Newmarket*-field;
 But soon he found it was in vain to fight,
 And imps his Plumes the best he may for flight.
 This *Painter* were an noble task to tell,
 What indignation his great breast did swell;
 Not vertuous men unworthily abus'd,
 Not constant Lovers without cause refus'd;
 Not honest Merchant broke, Not skilful Player
 Hift off the Stage, Not Sinner in despair,
 Not loosing Rooks, Not Favourites disgrac'd,
 Not Ramp by *Oliver* or *Monck* displac'd,

Not Kings depos'd, Nor Prelats when they dye,
 Feel half the rage of Generals when they flie
 Ah ! rather then transmit our Scorn to Fame.
 Draw Curtains (gentle Artist) o're the shame.
 Cashier the memory of *Dutcl*, raised up
 To taste (instead of death) his Highness Cup ;
 And if the thing were true, yet paint it not
 How *Berkley* (as he long deserv'd) was shot ;
 Though others, that surviv'd the corps (too clear)
 Say onely, he was putrifi'd with fear,
 And the hard Statue Mummied without Gumme,
 Might the *Dutch* Balm have spar'd an *English* tomb
 But if thou wilt paint *Mina* turn'd all to foul,
 And the great *Harman* charkt almost to cole,
 And *Jordan* old, thy Peneils worthy pain,
 Who all the way held up the Dukal-train :
 But in a dark cloud cover *Ascougb*, when
 He quit the Prince, r'imbarque in *Lovestsein*.
 And wounded Ships, which we immortal boast,
 Now first led *Captives* to an hostile coast ;
 But must with Story of the Hand or Thumb
 Conceal, as Honour would, his Graces Bum,
 When the rude bullet a large collop tore
 Out of that buttock, never turn'd before :
 Fortune it seems would give him by that lash,
 Gentle correction, for his fight so rash ;
 But should the *Ramp* perceiv't, they'd say that *Mary*
 Had now reveng'd them upon *Anmar's* Arse.
 The long disaster better o're to vail,
 Paint only *Jemas* three dayes in the Whale ;

Then draw the youthful *Petseu* all in haste,
 From a Sea-beast to free a Virgin chaste :
 But neither riding *Pegasus* for speed,
 Nor with the *Gorgon* shielded at his need ;
 For no less time did conquering *Ruyter* chew,
 Our flying Gen'ral in his spongy Jaw ;
 So *Rupert* the Sea-Dragon did invade,
 But to save *George* himself, and not the Maid ;
 And so arriving safe, he quickly mist,
 Even Sails to fly, not able to resist ;
 Not *Greenland* Seamen that survive the fright
 Of the cold *Chaos*, and a half-years night ;
 So gladly the returning Sun adore,
 Or run to spy their next years Fleet from shore,
 Hoping yet once within the Oily side
 Of the fat Whale, again their spears to hide,
 Or our glad Fleet with universal shout,
 Salute the Prince, and wish the other bout :
 Nor Winds long Pris'ners in Earths hollow vault,
 The fallow Seas so eagerly assault ;
 As fiery *Rupert* with revengeful joy,
 Does on the *Dutch* his hungry courage cloy :
 But soon unrigg'd, lay like a useless board,
 As wounded in the wrist, Men drop the sword :
 When a propitious Cloud betwixt us slept,
 And in our Aid did *Ruyter* intercept ;
 Old *Homer* yet did never introduce,
 To save his *Heroes*, mist of better use,
 Worship the *Sun*, who dwells where he does rise,
 This Mist doth more deserve our Sacrifice,

Now joyful fires and the exalted Bell,
 With Court *Gazets*, our empty Triumphs tell,
 Alas, the time draws near, when over-turn'd,
 The lying Bells will through the tongue be burn'd,
 Paper shall want to Print that Lye of State,
 And our false fires, true fires shall explate:
 Stay *Painter* here a while, and I will stay,
 Not vex the future times with nice survey;
 Seest not the *Monkey Dutchess* all undrest,
 Paint thou but her, and she will Paint the rest:
 The sad fate found her in her outward Room,
 Nailing up Hanging, not of *Persian Loom*,
 Like chaste *Penelope*, that ne'r did Rome
 But made all fine, against her *George* came home,
 Upon a Ladder in a Coat much shorter,
 She stood with Groom and Porter for supporter,
 And careless what they saw, or what they thought,
 With *Honi Pensi*, honestly she wrought;
 For in the Gen'ral's breech, none could she know
 Carry away the piece with Eyes or Nose;
 One Tenter drove, to loose no time or place,
 At once the Ladder they remove and grace;
 Whilst thus they her translate from *North to East*,
 In posture of a four-footed Beast,
 She heard the News, but altered yet no more,
 Then that which was behind she turn'd before:
 Nor would come down, but with a Handkercher,
 Which pocket-foul, did to her Neck prefer;
 She dry'd no tears, for she was so *Viraginous*,
 But only snuffing her Trunk *Cartilaginous*;

From Scaling-ladder she begun a Story,
 Worthby to think on, as *Memento Mori*
 Arraigning past, and present, and *futuri*,
 With a Prophetick, if not Spirit fury ;
 Her Hair began to creep, her Belly sound,
 Her Eyes to startle, with her Udder bound ;
 Half Witch, half Prophet, thus she *Alhemarle*
 Like *Presbyterian Sibel* out did snarl,
 Traytors both to my Lord, and to the King,
 Nay now it grows beyond all suffering ;
 One valiant man at Land, and he must be
 Commanded out to stop their Leaks at Sea.
 Yet send him *Rapers*, as a helper meet,
 First the Command dividing, then the Fleet,
 One may may if they be beat, or both be hit,
 But if they overcome, yet honours split :
 But Reckoning *George* already knockt o'th' head,
 They cut him out like Beef e're he be dead ;
 Each for a Quarter hopes, the first doth skip,
 But shall fall short, though at the Generalship.
 Next they for Master of the Horse agree ;
 A third the *Cock-pit* begs, not any me,
 But they shall know, I marry shall they do ;
 That who the *Cock-pit* has, shall have me too.
 I told *George* first, as *Calamy* told me,
 If the King these brought over, thus 'twould be.
 Men that have pickt his pocket to his face ;
 To sell Intelligence, or buy a Place :
 That their Religion pawn'd for Cloaths, nor care
 'Tas run so long, now to redeem't, or dare.

Oh ! what egreglous Loyalty to Cheat,
 Oh ! what fidelity it was to eat,
 Whilst *Langdale*, *Hopton*, *Glenham* starv'd abroad,
 And here true Loyallists sunk beneath their load.
 Men that did there affront, defame, betray
 The King, and do so here, now who but they.
 What say I men ? nay rather monsters : men
 Only in bed ; nor to my knowledge then :
 See how they home return with Revel Rout,
 With the same measure that they first went out,
 No better grown, nor wiser all this while,
 Renew the causes of their first Exile.
 As is to shew you Fools, what 'tis I mean ;
 I chuse a foul smock, when I might have clean.
 First they for fear disband the Army tame,
 And leave good *George* an empty Generals name :
 Next Bishops must revive, and all unfix,
 With discontents, for contents twenty fix ;
 The Lords House drains the Houses of the Lord ;
 For Bishops voices silencing the Word.
 O *Bartholmew*, Saint of their Callender,
 What's worse, their ejection, or their massacre.
 Then *Culp'per*, *Glocester*, e're the Princess dy'd,
 Nothing can live, that interrupts a *Hide* :
 O more then humane *Glocester*, Fate did shew
 Thee to the Earth, and back again with-drew.
 Then the fat Scrivener durst begin to think,
 'Twas time to mix the Royal blood with Ink :
Berkeley who swore, as oft as he had toes,
 Does kneeling now her Chastity depose,

Just as the first *French* Cardinal could restore,
 Maidenhead to his Widdow, Neece, and Whore :
 For portion if she should prove light when weigh'd
 Four Millions shall within four years be paid.
 To raise it we must have a Naval War,
 As if 'twere nothing but *Taratantara*,
 Abroad all Princes disobliging first,
 At home all Parties, but the very worst.
 To tell of *Ireland*, *Scotland*, *Dunkirk*, 'tis sad,
 Of the Kings Marriage, (but he thinks I'm mad.)
 A sweeter Creature never saw the Sun,
 If we the King wish'd *Monck*, or Queen a *Nun*,
 But a *Dutch* War must all these rumours still,
 Bleed out these humours, and our Purses spill ;
 Yet after one dayes Fight, trembling they saw,
 'Twas too much danger for a Son-in-Law.
 Hire him to leave with sixscore thousand pound,
 As with the Kings drums, men for sleep compos'd.
 The modest *Sandwich* thought it might agree,
 With the State-prudence to do less then he ;
 And to excuse their timorousness & sloth, (both)
 They've found how *George* now might do less then
 First, *Smith* must to *Legorn* with force enough,
 To venture back again, but not go through ;
Beaufort is there, and to their dazeling eyes
 The distance more the Object magnifies ;
 Yet this they gain, that *Smith* his time shall loose,
 For my *Duke* too he cannot interpose.

But fearing that our Navy *George* to break,
 Might not be found sufficiently weak ;

The *Secretary* that had never yet,
 Intelligence, but from his own *Gazett*,
 Discovers a great Secret fit to sell,
 And payes himself for't ere he would it tell:
Beaufort is in the *Channel*, *Hixy* here,
Doxy Thoulon, *Beaufort* is every where:
 Herewith assembles the *Supream Divan*,
 Where enters none but *Devil*, *Ned*, and *Nan*;
 And upon this pretence they straight design'd,
 The Fleet to separate, and the World to blind,
Monck to the *Dutch*, and *Rupert* (here the *Wench*
 Could not but smile) was destin'd to the *French*;
 To write the Order, *Bristols* Clerk they chose,
 One slit in's Pen, another in his Nole;
 For he first brought the News, and 'tis his place,
 He'll see the Fleet divided like his face,
 And through the Cranny in that Grissly part,
 To th' *Dutch*, thinks Intelligence may start.
 The Plot succeeds, the *Dutch* in haste prepare,
 And poor Peel-Garlick *Georges* Arse they share.
 And now presuming of his certain Rack,
 To help him late, they write for *Rupert* back;
Officious Will seems fittest, as afraid
 Lest *George* should look too far into his trade;
 On the first draught they pause with Statesmen
 They write it fair, then copy't out as fair; (care,
 These they compare, and then at last 'tis sign'd,
Will soon his Purse-strings, but no Seal could find.
 At night he sends it by the common Post,
 To save the King of an Express, the cost;

Lord ! what a-do to pack one Letter hence ?
 Some Pattents pass with less circumference ;
 Well *George*, in spite of them thou safe dost ride,
 Lessen'd in nought, I hope, but thy backside ;
 For as to Reputation, this Retreat
 Of thine exceeds their Victory so great,
 Nor shalt thou stir from thence by my consent,
 Till thou hast made the *Dutch*, and them repent ;
 'Tis true, I want, so long the Nuptial gift,
 But (as I oft have done) I'll make a shift ;
 Nor with vain pomp will I accost the shore,
 To try the Valour of the *Buoy i'th' Nore* :
 Fall to thy work *George* there, as I do here,
 Cherish the Valiant, and the Coward Cashier,
 See that the men have Pay, and Beef, and Beer,
 Find out the Cheats of the four Millioner ;
 Out of the very Beer they steal the Malt,
 Powder from Powder, and from Beef the Salt ;
 Put thy hand into th' Tub, instead of Ox,
 They victual with *French*-Pork that hath the Pox :
 Never such Corqueans by small Arts to ring,
 Ne're such ill Huswives in the managing ;
Passers at Sea know fewer cheats then they ;
Murriners on shore less madly spend their Pay.
 See that thou hast new *Sails* thy self, and spoyl
 All their Sea-markers, and their Cable coyl ;
 Tell the King all, who do him Countermine,
 Trust not, till done, him with thy own design ;
 Look that good Chaplains on each Ship do waite,
 Nor Sea Diocess, to be Improprite.

Look to the Pris'ners sick, and wounded all,
 As Prize, they rob the very Hospital ;
 Recover back the Prizestoo, in vain
 We fight, if all be taken which is tane,
 Along our Coasts, the *Dutchmen*, like a flight
 Of feeding Ducks, Morning and Evening light.
 How our Land-Hectors tremble, void of sence,
 As if they came straight to transport them hence,
 Some Ship are stoln, the Kingdom all array'd
 And even *Presbyters* now call'd to aid ;
 They wish even *George*, divided, to Command
 One half of him the Sea, tother the Land.

What's that I see ; ha ! 'tis my *George* agen
 It seems in seven weeks they've rigg'd him then,
 That curious Heaven with lightning him surrounds
 To view him, and his Name in Thunder sounds.
 But with the same shaft gores his Navy neer,
 So e're we hunt, the Keeper shoots the Deer.
 Stay Heaven a while, and thou shalt see him say,
 And how *George* too can Lighten, Thunder, Hail,
 Happy the time that I thee wedded *George*,
 The Sword of *England*, and of *Holland* scourge.
 Avant *Roterдам-dog* ! Ruiter Avant,
 Thou *Water-Rat*, thou *Shark*, thou *Cormorant* ;
 I'll reach thee to shoot *Sixers*, I'll repair,
 Each Rope thou loofest *George*, out of this Hair,
 E're thou shalt lack a *Sail*, and lye a drift,
 ('Tis strong, and course enough) I'll cut this *Shift* ;
 Bring home the Old ones, I again will sew,
 And darne them up to be as good as new.

What I twice disabled? never such a thing;
 Now (*Sovereign*) help him that brought in the *King*
 Guard thy Posterior left, lest all be gone,
 Though *Jury-Masts*, t' h' hast *Jury-Buttocks* none.
 Courage; how bravely whet with this disgrace
 He turns, and Bullets spits in *Ruiters* face.
 They flie! they flie! their Fleet does now divide,
 But they discard their Trump, our Trump is *Hide*.
 Where are you now *de Ruiter* with your Bears?
 See how your Merchants burn about your ears.
 Fire out the wasps, *George*, from their hollow trees,
 Cram'd with the Honey of our *English* Bees.
 Ay now they're paid for *Guiny*, e're they steer
 To the hot Coast, they find it hotter here.
 Turn all your Ships to Stoves ere you set forth,
 To warm your Traffique in the frozen North.
 Ah! *Sandwich* had thy Conduct been the same,
Bergen had seen a less, but richer Flame;
 Nor *Ruiter* liv'd new Battel to repeat,
 And oftner beaten be than we can bear.

Scarce has *George* leasure after all this pain,
 To tye his Breeches, *Ruiter's* out again:
 Thrice in one year? why sure the man is wood,
 Beat him like Stock-fish, or he'll nere be good.
 I see them both again, prepar'd to try,
 They first shoot through each other with the Eye.
 Then— but that ruling Providence that must
 With humane projects play, as Wind with Dust,
 Raised a Storm, (so Constables a Fray,
 Knock down) and send them both well cuss'd away.

Plant now *Virginy* Firrs in *English* Oak,
 Build your Ship-ribs proof, to the Cannon stroke;
 To get a Fleet to Sear exhaust the Land,
 Let longing Princes pine for the Command,
 Strong Merchants ! Wafers ; so thin a puff
 Of angry Air, can ruine all that nuff.
 So Champions having shar'd the List, and Sun,
 The Judge throws down his Warder, & they've don
 For shame come home *George*, 'tis for thee too much
 To fight at once with *Heaven*, and the *Dutch*.

Woe's me ! what see I next ? alas the Fate
 I see of *England*, and its utmost date ;
 These flames of theirs, at which we fondly smile,
 Kindled like Torches, our Sepuchral Pile ?
 War, Fire, and Plague, against us all conspire,
 We the Fire, God the Plague, who rais'd the Fire ?
 See how men all like Ghosts, while *London* burns
 Wander, and each o're his Ashes mourns,
 Dear *George* ! sad fate ! vain mind ! that did me please
 To meet thine with far other flames then these.

Curst be that man that first began this War ;
 In an ill hour under a blazing Star ;
 For others sport, two Nations fight a Prize,
 Between them both, Religion wounded dies.
 So of first *Troy* the angry Gods unpaid,
 Rac'd the foundations which themselves had laid
 Welcome, though late dear *George*, here hadst thou
 W'had scap'd, let *Rupert* bring the Navy in ; (been
 Thou still must help them out, when in the mire,
 General at Land, at Sea, at Plague, at Fire.

Now thou art gone, *Beaufort* dares here approach,
And our Fleet Angling, hath caught a *Roach*.

Gibson, farewell till next we put to Sea,
Faith thou hast drawn her in Effigie.

To the King.

Great Prince, and so much greater, as more wise
Sweet as our life, and dearer than our eyes ;
What *Servants* will conceal, and *Counsellors* spare;
To tell the *Painter*, and the *Poet* dare ;
And the assistance of an heavenly Muse,
And Pencils, Represent the Times abstruse.
Here needs no Fleet, no Sword, no Forreign-Foe,
Only let Vice be damn'd, and Justice flow :
Shake but (like *Jove*) thy Locks Divine, and frown,
Thy Scepter will suffice to guard thy Crown.
Hark to *Cassandra's* song 'ere Fate destroy,
By thy own Navies Wooden-Horse, thy *Troy*.
Us, our *Apollo*, from the Tumults wave,
And gentle Gales, though but in Oars will save.

So *Philemel*, her sad embroidery stung,
And vocal Silks run'd with her vocal Tongue ;
The picture dumb, in Colours loud reveal'd,
The Tragedies of Court, so long conceal'd.
But when restor'd to voice, inclosed with wings,
To Woods and Groves, which once she painted
(sings.)





1/26/32

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